MISSOURI

PICTURES ON THE PANES. In cozy rooms a happy group looked at the ferns and leaves,
Those graceful patterns which the frost upon the window weaves;
Bright faces turned toward the panes with merry childish din,
Which floated through that curtained home of luxnry within which hoated through that cultivated of luxury within.

The eyes were glad: and as the ferns and marvels slowly fled,

"How good is God to send us these! How beautiful!" they said.

High up within an attic bare, streaked by the leaking rains,

Four little children watched the frost elves'
patterns on the panes.

Thin-faced and cold, with shivering forms in With little in that room but these four fig-Acquaint with hunger, grief and cold, the chilly boards their bed,

"How harsh the fingers of the frost! How

Where Southern palms waved stately forms Where Southern palms waved stately forms above a city's street,
Which echoes to the ceaseless tread of sadeyed mourners' feet,
Where yellow fever worked for death, and marked its thousands slain,
A grief-cursed group looked gladly at the first frost on the pane;
Parched lips had prayed for kindly frost to stay the slayer dread,
"Now. God be thanked for this, His gift! How merciful!" they said.

Far up in frost-bound Northern lands where ice seas never know The presence of a balmy wind, the absence

Four sailors lay, a piteous group; fire, food and hope all gone, The last survivors of a crew who once passed proudly on.

They watched the frost-elves dainty work o'er windows slowly spread—
And, knowing that the coming night would shroud them, still and dead—
With breaking hearts at thought of home,

 So, lights and shadows intermit upon the frosted glass,
 So, lights and shadows mark the lives which just as swiftly pass
Through pain and joys, which learn to smile, Just as the messengers of late their mystic patterns weave.

low pitiless," they said.

Oh, solemn thought, that joy to us is sadness unto some, That beauteous things to some in dread and weeful aspect come.

Deep fraught with thoughts too great for words, eternal loss or gain.
May be so small a thing as frost's light pic-And interwoven with the ferns, their arabesques and scrolls,

A pattern just as strange which marks the

JIMMY AND THE DUKE.

A Very Natural Mistake and What Came of It.

-J. Edgar Jones, in Indianapolis Journal.

Jimmy was ragged and dirty and alone, but no scion of royalty ever carried his head higher, or wore both hands in his trousers' pockets with more unconcern than did Jimmy that day. What beach-guess he'd had a clam-bake of his own that morning, and could give the best of 'em pointers on the management of a sail-boat any day. As for driving-bah! hadn't he two good legs of his own, and-"whew-w! if that isn't a turn-out, now!" and Jimmy stopped stock-still to gaze.

A second look told the whole story. "It's the Duke!" he exclaimed, in that tone of awe which every sovereign citizen of America uses when speaking of rank. "I heard he'd come to the beach and that's him, sure as fate. Well, if

that ain't a clipper!" Two coal-black horses in glittering parness danced before the natty roadcart, and were deftly driven by a rather bored-looking, blonde-whiskered young man in a cool, baggy coat and straw hat, while upon the slightly-raised seat in the rear was a most imposing elderly personage, in a spick and span suit of dark blue with gilt buttons, topped by a tall, roseted hat. Jimmy gave but one glance at the former, then turned to the other with wide, curious eye.

"It's the Duke, sure," he muttered. "My! ain't he a swell, though! Look's as if he'd growed round a ramrod, he's so stiff. Well, I b'lieve I'm glad I ain't one-he! there'll be a bust-up, sure,' and Jimmy was off like a shot.

A "bust-up" indeed, for the gay horses shied fiercely at the sudden flapping of a sail spread out to dry, dashing the off wheel against a rock, and canting the light cart over so far as to tip Jimmy's "Duke" to the ground. He came down rather heavily upon the clean sand, his gorgeous hat rolling to meet an incoming breaker, but the driver seemed too much occupied with his plunging horses to pay any attention to his aristoeratic master.

A little surprised at his coolness and unconfern, Jimmy ran for the hat, and returned with his best bow, the "Duke" meanwhile brushing off the sand and muttering between his teeth:

"Deuced hunlucky! Spoilt my trousers, I'll wager. Oh, thanks, boy, is it 'urt hany?" referring to the hapless "No, sir, Mr. Duke, not at all," stam-

mered Jimmy, rather at a loss for the proper formula to use, "was your majesty hurt ?" The Duke frowned, and muttering

"Quit your shaff, now!" turned away, leaving Jimmy to feel decidedly re-

The horses were quieted by this time, however, and their driver turned to ask,

"Hurt much, Millard?" (Jimmy thought he said "my lord.") "I'm afraid this wheel's disabled—what do you think?" gazing leisurely down-

"Pretty cool!" thought Jimmy, "I sposed these furrin servants was better trained; he acts and talks every bit as keerless as pa's hired man-didn't even jump out to help the Duke up, I swan! "Say, Mr. Coachy," he suggested here, "my pa's got a blacksmith-shop just on a ways-pr'aps the Duke would like to go there and get that wheel mended, it's the only place anywhere within a mile,

He stopped, for there was a queer expression on Coachy's face, which rather staggered him-a blank stare, succeeded by a sudden, brilliant, amused light in the handsome eyes, which was almost

more than a smile. "Thank you, my boy," he responded, the wheel on till we get there. Jump up here, and point out the way, will

Nothing loth, Jimmy started forward, with a look toward the "Duke" for approbation, but that high and mighty personage had resumed his place and

position, seemingly so oblivious of everything that the boy though: "Spose they never trouble him with small matters, but just fix 'em up and send in the bill," and quickly mounted

beside his new friend. They rode in silence awhile, then, drawing a little closer, Jimmy whispered, confidentially:

let you into no end of fun. It'll take pa's man all the afternoon to mend that wheel, and there's goin' to be a big wed-Vine's (Malviny, you know), and she's the prettiest gal in the country, too. You see if she ain't! Wouldn't you like to

Again that brilliant look. "To be sure I would, and I will!" decidedly. "Are they going to dance?"
"Bet yer life. There's two fiddlers and a 'cordion man a comin', and it's goin' to be in Vine's pa's new barn.

Won't that be jolly?"
"Decidedly jolly!" laughed Coachy. "But what'll you do with the Duke?" oursued Jimmy, edging closer and dropping his voice to a whisper. We could ix him up a sort o' throne with grandpa's chair and the buffalo robe, and let him look on, I s'pose, if he would-but, you see, 'twould spoil all the fun-they'd e so scart of him that they wouldn't half dance, nor kiss the girls-nor nothin'-don't you see?"

"Yes," said Coachy, laughing out-right, but quickly checking himself, Yes," I see—it is a dilemma!

"Say!" with another hitch, "couldn't you get the old duffer back to the hotel, somehow, and you stay with us? These swells 'most allers can ride horsebacknow, we've got an old army saddle he could put on one o'them hosses. You seem sort of a favorite with him. Can't vou manage?

"Well, I'll try," said Coachy, thoughtfully, in spite of the broad smile on his ips—a smile of satisfaction at the approaching pleasure, Jimmy felt sure-'I'll suggest it, at least; he's generally quite tractable.

"Do!" said the boy, "there's our shop, see?—the red one with the paint most off, and that's our house down in the hollow. Vine lives up on that hill -see the barn? Ain't it a whopper? Best barn in the county, everybody savs.

"Coachy" smilingly agreed with this modest opinion, and, bringing his horses to a sudden stop, sprang lightly to the ground, the "Duke" descending with much celerity, and stepping along toward their heads.

"My boy," said "Coachy" quickly, "hold the horses, please. I wish to speak with—the Duke," adding the last words in a lower tone, and with a sud-

The two men stepped aside, and Jimmy saw that "Coachy" seemed to be giving his highness some very good advice, for the latter nodded acquiescence, touching his hat in his stately, highbred manner, and walking briskly

"I've fixed him," said "Coachy," turning to the boy, "He'll be only too glad to get back to the comforts of the hotel, and then, my boy, for fun.' The bored look was all gone now.

while the laugh and tone which accompanied these words were as gay and boyish as Jimmy's own. "First, we'll have dinner." said mmy, with a business air, "and

eat at the first table, too-our hired men allers do. You ain't use to that at home, be you?" "Coachy's" lips twitched so convulsively at this that Jimmy felt afraid he had offended him, and hastened to add,

"Not much loss, either, I'll bet. I'c hate to have to sit up so solemn with that old prig, and mince and bow and chew an hour on every mouthful. No siree! Give me a plate chuck full, plenty of elbow room, and five minutes fore the train starts, and I don't ask no

odds of any duke-do you?" "No, I don't think I do, as hungry a I am now," was the spirited reply, and they passed into the house. Jimmy's introductions were original, at least, but he made the family understand who his new friend was, though upon asking for his name, the latter had said, hastily "Oh, call me Coachy, as you began; it's as good a name as any," and Coachy

he was for the rest of the day. They sat down to dinner-"pa" and the hired man in shirt sleeves, and redolent of that honest but moist accompaniment to toil promised to sinful man in the beginning; "ma," and Sallie in curl-papers and calico, but in spite of these the latter elicited more than one

glance from the new-comer. Her curl-papers were not obtrusive, but her dark, soft eyes, pale oval cheeks. and sweet, grave lips, parting too seldom over the dainty teeth, like new corn in the ear, most assuredly were.

Her sad, listless manner and sober loveliness excited a feeling of tender curiosity in her vis-a-vis, who was, however, hungry enough after his ride in the sharp, salt air to enjoy his dinner. despite his sympathetic heart-twinges and bravely attacked the baked pork and beans, boiled potatoes and cabbage, pie, johnnycake, doughnuts and cheese, which jostled each other on his capacious plate.

Spose thet juke o' your'n hes a sep-'rate dish fer every one of his victuals," interpolated "Pa," giving his knife an instant's rest; "'t least I've heerd say so. Wonder if them big-bugs really thinks they hes compartments in their stummicks? 'Pears so," he added, with fine scorn at the folly of this whim; and Coachy only smiled meekly, eating the round of his trencher, and enjoying every mouthful with a zest that sur-

prised him into silence. In fact, no one said much-all were too busy-and in a remarkably short time the table was cleared and each left for his next affair without excuse or

"Is your cousin Malvina prettier than your sister?" asked the visitor, in a careless tone as the new friends strolled toward the stables a little later

"Prettier? You bet! She's got no end of fun in her, and the snappingest eyes you ever see. Sallie used to be pretty, too, but she's no good any more since Joe's gone away.

"Who's Joe?" asked Coachy, selecting a superb cigar from a case whose graven crest immediately caught Jimmy's quick eye.

"Hullo! What's that?" he asked, curiously. "Oh, it's the Duke's," was the imme diate answer. "I-I sometimes carry it for him, and take a cigar for my trouble;

it's heavy, you see.

"Knowed he was lazy, the old coon, came the contemptuous answer "'Who's Joe?' oh, her sweetheart-and a good fellow, too, I vow! But he with, and pa shipped him in short or-der. He's gone West now—gone to the Joe bent o pleasantly, "that's a good suggestion; der. He's gone West now—gone to the if I walk the horses I think we can keep mines to make his fortin', and Sal's waitin' for him. Pa and ma don't know it. They think she'll marry thet old widower Peters, thet owns the next farm, and he's got two of the hatefulest, miner.

> cricky! how good that eigar smells!" An hour later found them at the big, new barn, looking in through the wideopen doorway, the guest taking in the scene with the enjoyment both of a novice and an artist. The clean, white, oine floor, the high-ceiled walls gayly

cians' stand was improvised from the walls of the horse-stalls, with a few loose boards laid across, upon which in' close to our house-it's my cousin sat the two fiddlers and the 'cordionman, the latter calling off the swift changes of "money-musk," which a half-dozen sets of rustic swains and maidens, led off by the blushing bride and groom, were gayly dancing below. All this, with the gapeing, laughing crowd of lookers-on without, their long, slant afternoon shadows blotting out the hazy September sunshine on the grass, formed a picture worthy of a Claude Lorraine. Coachy looked on eagerly, unmindful of Jimmy's impatient nudges and whispers, to the effect that "a bar'l of new sweet cider was bein' ladled out just 'round the corner," and at length, spying Sallie, sweeter than ever, in a simple white dress, he broke away with scant excuses, and hurried to the spot where she stood alone and self-ab-

> Surely no Duke of them all could have made a courtlier bow than did Coachy, doing ready homage to the everlasting sovereignty of beauty, as he begged the honor of her hand for the next dance, while she, starting from her reverie, smiled, and frankly met his eyes as he led her to their place upon

the smooth floor.

The afternoon passed rapidly away, a scene of careless merry-making and gay good humor to the uninstructed eye, but pregnant with dramatic situations to the initiated. What else was the meaning of Peters' grim frown and flashing eyes as he looked gloomily on while Sallie and her new friend danced, or talked in corners, apparently engaged in a most desperate flirtation; or the evident agitation of "pa and ma," who vainly tried to recall her to duty by too transparent hints and innuendoes? Even Jimmy, having had all the cider he could swallow, was sick and sulky, and thought it "real mean o' Sal" to take up his company like that. As for the girl she had, for once, thrown off all restraint and given herself up to the impulse of the moment; for, though she could not tell how it happened, the third dance was not ended before she had poured her whole story into this stranger's ears, even treating him to a sight of Joe's last photograph, suspended in a locket about her fair neck. On his side he had volunteered the information that the Duke was expecting soon to visit the very mines in question, as he had an interest there, and wished to make a quiet trip

through that country. "And oh! if you should see Joe, cried the sweet girl, with an upward look that melted her partner's heart, "give him my love, please, and tell him I'll never marry old Peters—never!"

They parted warmly, as became good

friends with a secret between them. "I'm so glad Jimmy brought you," she said, as he held her hand longer than was exactly necessary, out under a big lilac-bush, in the gloaming. "You've prought the real comfort, somehow, and I'll not soon forget it. It's lucky the Duke didn't come, though, for he would have spoilt it all-but how will you get home to the hotel?"

"Oh, Mil-the Duke, I mean-kindly promised to send the carriage for me; presume it's waiting now at your gate. Well, I must go. Oh! here's Jimmy. Good-bye, and may the Lord bless you. But the young man walked very slowly away, and looked back more than once, "to see the young girl standing still," waving his hands as if to a friend and equal, while a half-mournful sigh welled up from his very heart.

Jimmy heard it and frowned. "Say, Coachy," he said, in grieved accents, "I think you've treated me mighty mean, that's all! And what's more, if I ever get a chance to tell Joe about Sal's actions I'm going to-you bet! I want you to understand that my sister ain't a-goin' to run away with no coachman, if he does belong to a Duke, and you can just put that in your pipe and

smoke it!" Coachy gave him a glance that would have annihilated anything but an American boy, burst into a curt laugh, and then bit his lips into silence. "Jimmy, he said gently, after a pause, "when you're older you'll know more. Meanwhile, here's something to help you enjoy yourself while you're young," and slipping a big round coin into the youngster's palm, he sprang into the landau, called out a gay good-bye and was driven

rapidly away.

The astonished youth looked after the audacious and much-privileged servant with round eyes, which finally dropped to the piece of metal in his hand.

held it up in the waning light. "It's gold," he whispered, excitedly and not a silver dollar, as I s'posed and there's two X's on it. Jerusalem crickets! It's a twenty-dollar gold piece if it's a cent!'

Four months had passed away, and the farm-house in the hollow, crouched under its snowy covering, snug and safe, while away in the Western mountains men toiled as they could, and cursed the snow and the cold which lengthened and hardened their desperate task of wresting from its hiding plac that gold which to them meant home and fireside, with the presence of loved ones far away. Poor Joe, undaunted by fatigues and sufferings which would have driven stronger men to the wall, still kept at work, spurred on by the thought of a pair of dark, wistful eves which he knew were looking hopefully for him each day. But his pile was still very small, and hope seemed almost ready to desert him.

How could he be sure she was faithful, after all, he thought, gloomily trudging homeward in the cheerless twilight, with his pick-axe on his shoulder and his eyes on the ground. Such a pretty girl wouldn't wait long for suitors, andhello! what's that?

A long cry of "Hel-p!" came faintly from the gloomy, slanting ravine at his right, but though he peered anxiously down he could see nothing. "Hello!" he cried back in a ringing voice, and the same cry, but fainter, came again: "Help! Hel-p!"

Using his clumsy pick-axe for an alpenstock, he crept cautiously down the rough declivity, calling out at intervals, and following the sound of the answer ing call, until he reached a clump of bushes by a narrow trail or bridle-path, didn't hev a red copper to bless himself in whose shadow lay a man, evidently

Joe bent over him. "Well, stranger, what is it?" he askuated to danger, but with a certain tenderness not native to the ordinary

red-headed youngsters you ever see, but la! Sal won't look at him, I know. My and am about done for," said the wounded one, faintly. 'There is a stab in my side—if you don't stop the blood

draped with festoons of arbor vite, caught by huge, glowing masses of blood-red or rose-pink peonies, next, the show-laden bushes rustled and late stranger's own gar- stood unrivaled. England will not soon forget his celebrated "Mill on the Floss."

— Chicago Tribune.

"If 'twant for the Duke, now, I could formed a novel stage, while the musi- a figure crawled cautiously out at his very feet. One movement brought Joe's pickax to a ready position, and with the next it would have descended with crushing force on the crawler's skull, when his wnining voice broke in:

"Don't 'it me, don't! His 's Grace much 'urt? 'As the robbers went?" Joe's pickax descended harmlessly.

"Who be you, you sneak? and who's His Grace,' I'd like to know?" "He's the Duke of-, sir; hand I'm 'is sarvant. The thieves nearly killed us, sir, and ran hoff with hour 'osses, and I took shelter in a 'ollow log, sir, for the time. His 'e realy much 'urt?" "Killed, I guess," said Joe, shortly. You coward! Why didn't you come

and help him, before it was too late!

Here, help me lift him-so; we'll take

him to my cabin."

Fortunately it was not far away, and Joe, a few hours later, had the satisfaction of seeing his guest warmed, fed sorbed, looking on with big, wistful and comforted, his cut sewed up, and himself in a fair way to recovery, though still weak from the loss of blood. As, utterly weary, the miner stepped silently to the side of his bunk, to give him one last reassuring glance before seeking his own hard bed on the floor, the sufferer reached out a white, delicate hand and caught Joe's hard, brown one in a warm clasp.

"My friend, what is your name?" he asked, weakly. "Joe Brady, Your Lordship," said the honest fellow, his heart fluttering a little at being thus addressed by a live

aristocrat. The Duke's eyes opened wide. "Is it possible? Kismet, as I live! I must be their providence if they are to be my -and they closed again, wearily. "Light-headed, I see," muttered Joe, turning away. "Tain't much wonder, either-all he's gone through to-night. Well; he'll be all right to-morrow, I hope," and in five minutes Joe's snores mingled with the doughty Millard's on the cabin floor.

The Duke's was a mere flesh-wound, though a deep one, and a few weeks found him able to return to Denver and civilization, after tempting Providence-or, rather, two horse-thieves-by his needless winter journey over the mountains. But in the daily intercourse of that humble cabin, among those homely, bighearted miners, in the solitude of the everlasting hills, class distinction had grown to seem a very insignificant thing. The Duke might shine in drawing-rooms and assemblies - even in Parliament, or among the first men of old-world civilization - but here his talents availed little. He was the one useless member of that small community-a mere cumberer of the groundand yet, no. His very refinement and whole-souled gentlemanliness did them a world of good, and left the little camp

the better for his visit. Before he left he took Joe apart for a long walk, and when they parted it was like brothers, with moistened eyes and a long, close grasp of the hand, while s Duke and servent rode slowly out of camp, they were followed by hearty "Good lucks" and "Good-byes" from the whole community, ending in three cheers and a tiger, which echoed and re-echoed from the frost-bound cliffs in wave after wave of heartiness and

It was blossoming time when our aristocratic voyagers were again drivng along the Beach road where we first beheld them-the Duke quite restored to health, while Millard, utterly unconscious of any past dereliction from luty, sat in solemn stiffness, and with folded arms, behind.

A boy, looking a bit uncomfortable in clean face and new suit, came hesitatingly toward them.

"Coachy" bowed gayly, and burst into a fit of riotous laughter at his sheepish, hang-dog look. "Jimmy, you rake, come here," he eried, reining the steeds to a standstill. 'I want you to direct me to the black-

smith shop in the hollow." "Say, you ain't mad then, sir-mister -Your Grace-be you," cried Jimmy in a relieved tone, springing into the cart. "I don't care if you be a Duke, stead of a coachman. You're an awful good one! Joe's here all right, and Sal's so happy she don't know whether she's a-foot or a-horseback. The house is all done and furnished, and we're a-goin' to eat the weddin' supper there. Sal's so afraid you mayn't like everything that she's most crazy—and Joemy! he 'bout worships you! He didn't have to more'n show your letter when they took him right on at the mills, and I tell von he makes a boss overseer, too. He's put all your money that was left from the house into the bank for a nestegg, and calls it the 'ducal fund.' Swell, ain't it? And say, you don't care, do you? but I spent half that double X you give me for a cake-basket for Sally, and she was 'most tickled to death. Here we are, and they're all awaiting on the porch. Say, Coachy-Mr. Duke-Your Lordship, I mean—Sal's goin' to kiss you! I heard Joe tell her to, myself.' -Fanny E. Newberry, in Chicago

FRANKLIN'S WATCH.

A Relic of Long Ago Owned by an Aged Pennsylvania Farmer.

Levi W. Groff, a typical old farmer of Lancaster, Penn., shows with pride a relic of over a century ago, in the shape of a heavy silver watch once worn by Benjamin Franklin. The watch is of silver and has an open face, while on the back is engraved the words:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

1776, Philadelphia. Inside the cover at the back is an oldfashioned jeweler's card showing that the watch was repaired January 24, 1817, by Thomas Parker, of Philadelphia. On the heavy gold face the words "W. Tomlinson, London, 511," show where the time-piece was made. Little of the history of the watch is known, except that after Franklin's death it was worn by his sonin-law, Richard Bache, who lost it in a Philadelphia hotel while on a visit from

his homestead in Bensalem, Bucks Coun-Mr. Groff purchased the watch many years ago from an aged friend, long since dead, who had owned it so long that he had forgotten how it came into his possession. It is thought that the watch was presented to Franklin when he represented the Independent Colonies in the British Court in London. Mr. Groff has a large collection of relics of the early days of Pennsylvania. The watch has been in his possession nearly thirty years. during which time it has never been repaired, and still keeps accurate time .-N. Y. World.

He ceased abruptly, overcome with faintness, while Joe with ready skill soon found and stanched the wound with a part of the stranger's own gar-had his weakness, but as a puglist he

AN HISTORICAL QUILT.

The Wonderful Crazy Work Production of

Mrs. Montgomery, of Alabama, who is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Smith, of Pine street, has just completed an historical quilt of great value. In its manufacture she has displayed unusual taste and ability as an artist. This piece of patchwork is composed of several hundred pieces of bright colored silks and satins and velvets and ribbons put together with and embroidered in as many different stitches of bright silk. Besides, there are seventy-seven paintings in water colors on satin of the principal events of the late war and the prominent officers of both sides, copies of various magazines and photographs, all of them excellent likenesses. The landscapes and sketches of battlefields and important places are many of them perfect gems. The most wonderful part, however, is that it was all accomplished in ten months. In the center of the border at the top there is a picture of "Peace," represented by a Confederate and Union officer standing with clasped hands, their colors folded. the center of the quilt is another picture, that of the swearing in of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States, and in one corner is a star cut from the Confederate flag that floated above him at the time. Scattered about over the quilt are sketches of the different battles, and grouped around each scene are the officers of both sides who took part. There are twenty-eight landscapes and forty-nine pictures of Federal and Confederate officers, cabinet size. Among them are Generals Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Bragg, Buckner, Hood, Hardee, Polk, Floyd, Pendleton. Albert Sidney Johnson, J. E. Johnson, Price, Whiting, MacNeil, Law, Hampton, Morgan, Stuart, Breckenridge, Tilghman, Longstreet, Mitchell, A. P. Hill, Toombs, Fitzhugh Lee, Jones, Pelham, Buchanan, Tutnall, McIntosh, Wilkinson, Grant, McClellan, Hancock, Meade, Thomas, Porter, Anderson, Farragut, Sherman, Kearney, McCall, Butler, Mason and Slidell, and Presidents Cleveland and Hendricks. Of the landscapes there are: "Fort Sumpter" before and after the bombardment, "Centralia, "Bull Run," "Mannassas Junction, "Robinson House," "Henry House, "Malvern Hill," "Fort Donelson, Inter-Ocean. "Grant's Headquarters," "Buckner's Headquarters," "Morgan's Men," "A Corn-fed," "The Spot where Albert Sidney Johnson Fell," "The Spot where J. E. B. Stuart Died," "Merimac Landing," "Fort Henry and Iron Clads," "Island No. 10." "Battle of Gettysburg," "Sudly Springs," "Capture of Poulit's Battery," "Sherman's Headquarters," "Advance of McClellan," "Crow's Nest," "Capture at Richmond" and "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh." In the border of the quilt are inserted panels in which are painted the pictures of the most prominent of the Generals

ABOUT RABIES.

mentioned. In addition to this, Mrs.

Montgomery has made a scrap-book of

grasses and ferns collected at points of

nterest, which she has ingeniously com-

bined with water-color paintings so as

form exquisite little bits of landscape,

and on her walls hang a number of

beautiful oil paintings, excellent copies

from the masters .- St. Louis Post-Dis-

Popular Fallacies Regarding This Terrible

There is searcely a single point in con-

nection with the natural history of rabies on which common opinion is not at fault. The way in which it arises, the season at which it is most prevalent. the class of animals that are prone to it, the period of its incubation, the symptoms by which it makes its presence known-on these and many other points the public hold false, and therefore dangerous, doctrines. It is impossible to say dogmatically that rabies never originates spontaneously, but nearly all the facts point the other way, and it is, at any rate, a safe working assumption that it is invariably the result of infection from a pre-existing rabid animal. Yet people believe that heat and hunger, thirst and bad food, and half a dozen other causes are sufficient in themselves to send a dog mad. It is obvious that a widespread belief of that sort is not the best ally to the systematic prevention of the disease. Another vulgar error is that rabies is most common during the dog days, a belief which is apt to clap a muzzle on every dog during the heat of summer, but to leave him a free bite at other seasons. Statistics show, however, that rables has not any very marked preference for one month over the rest, or that if it is more common at one season than another it is the spring rather than the summer that it affects. Of some three thousand cases collected by Bouley a little over twenty-seven per cent. occurred in the spring, this slightly increased prevalence being attributable to the more angry rivalry and play of natural weapons incident to that spring philoprogenitiveness which survives to a certain extent even in such tame pets as the lady's lap dog and the laureate's "young man." Hydrophobia is, no doubt, most prevalent in the summer—a fact which is partly traceable to the thinner and scanfier clothing worn in warm weather offering a less efficient protection against a rabid bite; while, owing to the long incubation period of the disease, the greater frequency of rabies in the spring naturally determines a corresponding increase in the freuency of hydrophobia in the summer. It is possible, too, that heat may have some influence in fomenting that spurious hydrophobia or fatal nerve-demoralization which is engendered in unstable minds by dread of the real disease. Another popular fallacy is that dogs (with now and then a cat) are the only animals subject to rabies. The fact is that almost any animal may, and probably will, become rabid when bitten by a mad dog. Horses and cattle, sheep and goats, foxes and wolves, badgers and skunks, rabbits and fowls, may all have rabies, and all communicate it to a man, though the rage to bite and the danger of a bite are much more marked in the

very fatal in Texas. - Saturday Review.

THE COCA SHRUB.

carnivora than in other animals. Cats

are less ready to bite than dogs, but

their bite is more fatal. The same is

The Introduction of Cocaine Into Euro pean and American Practice. Cocaine is an alkaloid extracted from the leaves of the erythroxylon coca, a shrub that resembles the tea-plant, and grows wild in South America. The value of the coca leaves as a nerve Peru and Bolivia, where the plant grows deluge in 1892.

most abundantly. Travelers assert that the powers of endurance given by it are simply wonderful; that with its help the Peruvian Indians can perform the most wearisome journeys or the most difficult tasks without apparent weariness, though eating but little food and often going for thirty hours without sleep. Extracts and tinctures made from this plant have been used to a considerable extent during the past ten years by physicians in Europe and this country, who find its tonic effect useful, but not as noticeable as that manifested in the native home of the plant. The uses of the alkaloid, however, are likely to prove far more important to medicine than the tonic applications of the tincture. This is btained in the form of colorless. transparent prisms without odor and bitterness. About two years ago a German physician called attention to the fact that a solution of cocaine in hydrochloric acid possesses remarkable properties as a local anæsthetic. It was first tried for this purpose in ophthalmic surgery, and found most successful. If a few drops of the solution are instilled into the eye, the delicate nerves of sensation become in a few moments quite paralyzed, so that the most delicate operations may be performed without discomfort to the patient. Its use since this discovery has become quite widely extended, and it is applied in diseases of the ear and throat, and also in the removal of tumors, and similar surgical cases. As there are often cases where the administration of chloroform and ether is attended with serious peril to the life of the patient, the discovery of this thoroughly safe anæsthetic is of great value to medicine, the only drawback to its general use being the fact that it is very expensive, and is therefore frequently adulterated. Though this is the most important application of this alkaloid, it has also of late been found valuable for other uses. It has been found to have much healing property when applied to ulcers and diseased membranes, as those of nasal passages in catarrh. It has also been used, in dilute form, as an internal remedy in cases attended with severe pain, as acute neuralgia. But though it is a powerful sedative, its use in this manner is to be deprecated, because attended with serious danger unless administered with the utmost precaution, under the direction of a competent physician.—Chicago

RAISING HIS FATHER.

Why Mr. Dunder Has to Perform a Sad Parental Duty.

"I like to shpeak my mind a few times," said Mr. Dunder as he entered the Central Station yesterday.

"Well, go ahead," replied Sergeant "I goes in an auction shtore dis morning, to see if I find some bargains in saloon tumblers. My son Shake he goes along, too. Dot Shake he knows all aboudt der latest shtyle in peer

oop a great big oil painting und gries " 'Now how mooch to shtart dis fine landscape? It vhas wort two hundred dollars, und who vhill shtart him at twenty?

glasses, und nobody can sheat him.

When we goes in der auctioneer he puts

feel sorry for poor folks. He doan' like quarters as those occupied by a fine to see some mans come here from New York und lose so mooch money ash dot all at once, und so he says to me: " 'Fadder, make him a bid of forty

dollars. Dot bleases him und doan' "I make dot bid mit a loud voice, und dot New York mans shmiles und bows und vhas glad. Pooty soon somebody bids feety dollar. Dot makes me leedle madt, und I goes oop to sixty. Den somebody bids seventy, und I goes oop to eighty. Pooty queek somebody says ninety, und I shump to one hundred. I look aroundt to ask Shake if I goes any more, but I doan' see him, und

dot picture man gries oudt: "Once-twice-three times, und sold to Carl Dunder, who has der biggest

bargain ever vhas! Whell, dot make me almost faint avhay, und I try to run oud door. Somebody grabs me, und dot picture man says der law vhas on his side und I must pony oop. He finally lets me off if I pay ten dollar for his trouble, and he ealls oud:

" Dot man who bid ninety dollar can take der picture. Let him come

"Sergeant, who vhas dot man?"

"I don't know." "Vhell, it vhas my son Shake. He shtands by der door und raises der bids on his own fadder to get him in a scrape! He gets me in all dot trouble to haf some fun, Sergeant?'

"Well. "If some poleecemans passes my door unt hears groans und shrieks und yells, tell him not to come in. I haf some solemn dooty to perform by dot boy Shake. If I doan' shtop him now he breaks down a gallows und doan' live oudt half his days! "-Detroit Free Press.

A NEW SCREW-DRIVER. An Invention Which Will Materially As-

sist the Missionaries. There is always something new in the world. One of the latest new things is a screw-driver. Years ago a wise man said there were two things which even a Yankee could not improve upon, and they were a screw-driver and a woman. But the Yankee has knocked the wise man's prophecy higher than Gilderoy so the cabin under the weight of a huge cow far as the screw-driver part of the proposition is concerned. With the old-time screw-driver you felt around and of the proposition is concerned around and of the proposition is concerned. With the old-time screw-driver you felt around and of the proposition is concerned. With the old-time screw-driver you felt around and of the weight of a huge cow pumpkin; "did yer conflabberate dat fraum dem points." steadied yourself about five minutes and found something to brace against while trying to get the driver's blade in the notch of the screw. Then you smiled and gave a twist or two, when slip went the tool, and your knuckles collided with the screw's head. In three or four minutes you time or day?"-Travelers' Magazine succeeded in readjusting the implement, gave another twist or two to the handle. became over-confident, worked too eagerly and bent the screw out of posi-

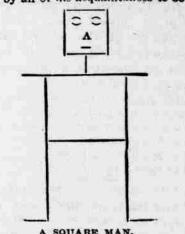
tion. After one or two more trials you got mad, flung the screw-driver into the coal-hod and took the hammer and pounded the blank thing in. But with the new screw-driver you do not do it can't spress how much I hates him." true of wolves and skunks, the bite of that way. You put the blade of the the latter having proved of recent years driver in its proper place, steady yourvery fatal in Texas. —Saturday Review. self, and press down. The pressure on the handle revolves the driver, and the first thing you know the screw is home, and you are surprised to find it there without one break or a single cuss-word. A mechanical rig in the handle of the tool revolves the blade of the driver by pressure, and it can't get out of order. There should be one in every Christian household. - Chicago Herald.

-A resident of San Diego, Cal., has lose his mind." natives of the mountainous regions of Peru and Bolivia, where the plant grows deluge in 1909

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM. What Has Been Accomplished in This Line by an Enterprising Pennsylvania Week-

The great success of the metropolitan journals in the new departure of illustrating their columns by the delineation of prominent men and matters with a fidelity to both art and nature never before combined has so stimulated one of the Republican staff that he is unwilling to have that publication any longer classed with the non-progressive and old-fogy newspapers that cling to the old ways. He has accordingly, when on his rounds in search of news, equipped himself with a sketchbook, and as occasion offered has picked up some little things which, after careful exe-cution in the hands of an expert engraver, retained for this special task at great expense, are here reproduced for the benefit

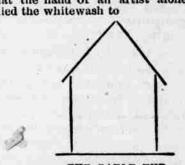
of our readers. It is with pleasure that we present this morning to the many readers of the Republican some account of a most agreeable visit recently made to the extensive and fertile farm of Farmer Toprider, which is situated on the banks of the overflowing Willow-Wallow Creek, in Taraxacum Township. The owner of this garden-spot of nature, whose portrait we give below, stands out at the summit of his profession, as will be observed by his title, and is admitted by all of his acquaintances to be



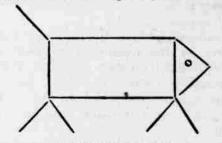
A SQUARE MAN, whose fondest ambition is to turn a straight furrow and to retain the proud position that



The neat appearance of his farm building quickly attracts the eye, and it is at once apparent to the most casual observer that the hand of an artist alone has applied the whitewash to

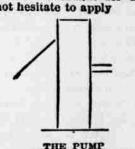


THE GABLE END of his well-filled barn. It is, however, in the live-stock department that he shines preeminent, and as we wandered at will among his sleek-coated Jerseys and well-groomed horses we sighed forth the aspiration that should it be our lot at the close of this ex-"Vhell, Shake he vhas a great poy to listence to assume animal shape, we desired nothing better than to be assigned to such

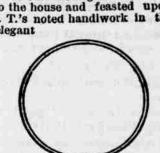


CHESTER-WHITE PIG. which was industriously engaged in stowing away a quantity of Farmer Toprider's

After spending some hours very pleasant-ly inspecting the farm and its accessories, during which we sought for information and did not hesitate to apply



to Farmer Toprider, who most kindly responded to our interrogatories, we were invited to the house and feasted upon some of Mrs. T.'s noted handiwork in the shape



APPLE-PIE This closes an interview which will always be connected with pleasant memories in the future, and lead, we trust, to many more occasions of the same character.-Westchester (Pa.) Republican.

Lesson in Morality.

"Now, see heah, you Junius Brutus, you jes walk turkey ober to dis side ob de structur an' splain to yo'r po' but hones parunt how's yo kim by dat er squash," said old Gabe Snowdown to his youngest

"Wull, I jest did, daddy, an' I creeped er long er half mile in de shade ob de fence er comin' home, cos de sun am po'ful hot ter

"Huh! Go laung, yer good-fer-nothin" niggah. I jes ergusted with yer. Hain't yer ole daddy tole yer offen enuff dat no hones' niggah evan totes hum fixins at dis

African Malignity. Jim Webster was heard to express himself very strongly in regard to the honesty of Sam Johnsing.

"You seem to have a prejudice against him," remarked Colonel Yerger. "Dat's whar you am mistaken, but I "You seem to hate him like poison." "Wusser den dat. I hates him so dat

ous burial."-Texas Siftings. Lost His Mind. "Old man Pennybunker has marrie

ıgain."

"You don't tell me so." "Yes, and he has married a right young girl, forty years younger than he is."
"Well, I declare. His other wife only died six months ago, and he went on so at the grave that I expected that he would